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AN INTRODUCTION
TO SPIRITUAL HEALING



Lorna Horstmann

★

AN INTRODUCTION TO SPIRITUAL HEALING

★

FOREWORD BY
Harry Edwards



231.73

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222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1050, 1051, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1055, 1056, 1057, 1058, 1059, 1060, 1061, 1062, 1063, 1064, 1065, 1066, 1067, 1068, 1069, 1070, 1071, 1072, 1073, 1074, 1075, 1076, 1077, 1078, 1079, 1080, 1081, 1082, 1083, 1084, 1085, 1086, 1087, 1088, 1089, 1090, 1091, 1092, 1093, 1094, 1095, 1096, 1097, 1098, 1099, 1100, 1101, 1102, 1103, 1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132, 1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146, 1147, 1148, 1149, 1150, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1157, 1158, 1159, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1390, 1391, 1392, 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1415, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, 1420, 1421, 1422, 1423, 1424, 1425, 1426, 1427, 1428, 1429, 1430, 1431, 1432, 1433, 1434, 1435, 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1445, 1446, 1447, 1448, 1449, 1450, 1451, 1452, 1453, 1454, 1455, 1456, 1457, 1458, 1459, 1460, 1461, 1462, 1463, 1464, 1465, 1466, 1467, 1468, 1469, 1470, 1471, 1472, 1473, 1474, 1475, 1476, 1477, 1478, 1479, 1480, 1481, 1482, 1483, 1484, 1485, 1486, 1487, 1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, 1492, 1493, 1494, 1495, 1496, 1497, 1498, 1499, 1500, 1501, 1502, 1503, 1504, 1505, 1506, 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1514, 1515, 1516, 1517, 1518, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1522, 1523, 1524, 1525, 1526, 1527, 1528, 1529, 1530, 1531, 1532, 1533, 1534, 1535, 1536, 1537, 1538, 1539, 1540, 1541, 1542, 1543, 1544, 1545, 1546, 1547, 1548, 1549, 1550, 1551, 1552, 1553, 1554, 1555, 1556, 1557, 1558, 1559, 1560, 1561, 1562, 1563, 1564, 1565, 1566, 1567, 1568, 1569, 1570, 1571, 1572, 1573, 1574, 1575, 1576, 1577, 1578, 1579, 1580, 1581, 1582, 1583, 1584, 1585, 1586, 1587, 1588, 1589, 1590, 1591, 1592, 1593, 1594, 1595, 1596, 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600, 1601, 1602, 1603, 1604, 1605, 1606, 1607, 1608, 1609, 1610, 1611, 1612, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1616, 1617, 1618, 1619, 1620, 1621, 1622, 1623, 1624, 1625, 1626, 1627, 1628, 1629, 1630, 1631, 1632, 1633, 1634, 1635, 1636, 1637, 1638, 1639, 1640, 1641, 1642, 1643, 1644, 1645, 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654, 1655, 1656, 1657, 1658, 1659, 1660, 1661, 1662, 1663, 1664, 1665, 1666, 1667, 1668, 1669, 1670, 1671, 1672, 1673, 1674, 1675, 1676, 1677, 1678, 1679, 1680, 1681, 1682, 1683, 1684, 1685, 1686, 1687, 1688, 1689, 1690, 1691, 1692, 1693, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1706, 1707, 1708, 1709, 1710, 1711, 1712, 1713, 1714, 1715, 1716, 1717, 1718, 1719, 1720, 1721, 1722, 1723, 1724, 1725, 1726, 1727, 1728, 1729, 1730, 1731, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1741, 1742, 1743, 1744, 1745, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1749, 1750, 1751, 1752, 1753, 1754, 1755, 1756, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763, 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, 1773, 1774, 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 216

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to

HARRY EDWARDS
for his seventieth birthday

With gratitude for
enlightenment and healing
received through him



'On either side of the river stood
a tree of life . . . The leaves of the
trees serve for the healing of the
nations.'

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Contents

Acknowledgements	11
Foreword	13
Preface	15
1 What is it?	19
2 How does it work?	31
3 Obstructions and releases	41
4 Contact healing	53
5 Distant healing and self-healing	64
6 To all who would heal	76
7 Signposts	87
Suggested reading	93



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The Spiritual Healer Journal, in which parts of this book were originally published.

The Staples Press. (From *The Sea Around Us* by Rachel Carson.)

Harry Edwards, for the quotation on page 47.

The author is also grateful for permission to describe certain healings, and regrets there are some patients with whom she has lost touch.

Foreword

This book is a notable contribution towards a more complete appreciation and understanding of the power of spiritual healing. It is simply and humanly written to enable its purpose to be easily received. Lorna Horstmann's gift of illustrating her intentions with examples and picturesque descriptions makes the book a joy to read.

It is beyond question that the revived forces of healing are at work in our world of today. The hand of God is seen to stretch down to heal us of our afflictions. Through this, spiritual healing has made phenomenal progress in this generation, founded upon success, in restoring happiness and health to the sick and so often to the 'incurable'. Spiritual healing no longer needs to be proven, but there is a need to make it more widely known and understood.

The miracles of spiritual healing are only 'miracles' so long as the way of their performance is a mystery, yet healing is not mysterious, though

we often tend to regard it so. That is why this book is fulfilling a need, to take away the mystery and replace it with knowledge of the truths that underlie the healing purpose.

Lorna Horstmann is a healer in her own right and her experience gives authority for her explanations on the ways and processes by which physical and mental-soul disharmonies are overcome. All this leads to the real purpose behind her book, to demonstrate the truth in this scientific age that we are all akin to God and Spirit—that healing is an expression of divine grace manifested through His ministers in spirit who carry out each planned healing act.

An Introduction to Spiritual Healing is a clear signpost showing us the way to live more happily, how to overcome disharmony and sickness when it arrives, the way to prevent the coming of disease and to give spiritual enrichment, to bring forward the day when brotherhood is established within the whole human family and we learn to adopt a code of new values helping us to live rightly as God intends us so to do.

HARRY EDWARDS

(President: National Federation of Spiritual Healers)

Preface

This little book does not set out to provide yet one more publication on the history, theories and methods of spiritual healing. Wiser and better-equipped minds than my own have produced ample literature on the subject, as the appended list of books will show. My chief reason for writing it is for that best of all reasons described by Jacob Boehme. 'When I consider and think why I write thus,' he said, 'and leave it not for sharper wits, I find that my spirit is kindled in this matter whereof I write: for there is a living, running fire of these things in my spirit. And thereupon (let me purpose what I will) yet this thing continually moveth and swimmeth on the top, and so I am captivated therewith in my spirit, and it is laid upon me as a work which I must exercise.'

Nearly all the stories in this book concern people who are known to me, and who have given me permission to describe what happened while their

cure was taking place, although, of course, their names have been withheld.

I represent no particular 'ism' or cult, although I am grateful to all the various coteries of thought which have influenced my thinking over the years, and have helped me to find my own approach to this and kindred subjects. I have no personal or collective axes to grind, because I am not setting out to destroy anything. Evil, anyway, carries within its heart its own seeds of destruction. I find some facet of truth in all faiths, and I believe that the ways of healing known to us are as numerous and as varied as the leaves of a tree. To believe otherwise would be to deny factual evidence. Spiritual healing, like medical healing, has many channels, all of them, quite often, achieving excellent results.

Therefore my presentation of the subject will be an individualistic one—perhaps of some value in these days of mass-produced thought? Minds may be driven, drilled, tortured or lured into conformity, but real unity can only be found deep in the heart of each individual. What marks us off from the beasts of the field is that original spark in each of us which is unique. *There* is reality, and it is only in the depths of reality that we can ever become united.

Yet—such is the paradox of life—no book can remain entirely individualistic, because, always, any

kind of writing for publication involves two people—author and reader. There is an age-old magic conceived by the fusion of 'me' and 'you', which Walter de la Mare described as 'a sort of us-ishness.' In 'us' we touch the fringe of another dimension, in which appears what almost seems to be an extra, new personality. There is no particular moral virtue about the relationship. It can happen between two thieves; it can also happen between two saints. Let us hope that, here, it may happen between two ordinary people, such as I consider myself and the reader to be.

Let us explore together, then, the hinterlands of spiritual healing, mutually giving and receiving courage for the task. Perhaps—who knows?—before we part we may have developed a little more insight—that faculty which sees so much further than any other kind of sight. With this, we may continue, long after the book is closed, to penetrate the shadows and glimmering lights of the trackless forests that stretch endlessly ahead, where the leaves are so closely interwoven that it is almost impossible to distinguish one from the other.

LORNA HORSTMANN

(Member of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers)

1 What is it?

You may have watched, as I have done, that gifted and sincere healer, Harry Edwards, straighten with a gentle touch a spine crooked from birth, or unlocking long-fused joints. You may have watched his fellow healer, George Burton, hold his hands against an enormous sixty-year-old goitre swelling until it shrivelled away, leaving wrinkled skin in its place. Or you may have seen a shortened leg grow to its full length instantaneously in response to the healing request of Gordon Turner, and the built-up boot discarded. Perhaps you have stood among the crowds at Lourdes, as I have done, with the invalid carriages lined up in the great square, listening to the moving chant: 'Lord, that I may see! Lord, that I may hear! Lord, that I may walk!' until the robed priests appeared, and the monstrance flashed in the

sun as the Power passed by, touching and reviving one here and one there. Or you may have visited Aberdovey and gazed on that strange 'Miracle Stone of Wales', before which the physical and moral problems of many people have become resolved; or have drunk from the famous healing cup of Nantlos, the supposed Holy Grail. Or you may have seen Brother Mandus walk down the aisle of a peaceful country church, his arms outstretched in blessing, and later on watched the lame walk out without their crutches into the sunshine which some of the blind could then see?

I once met a boy of seven, and saw him stand in front of his bronchial grandmother, saying: 'Jesus can help you, Granny!' at the same time placing his small hands on her chest; and I heard the wheezing subside and the breathing come clear. I have stood on the rocky shore at Newton at low tide, when the healing springs were revealed, and have talked with the local people, many of whom told gratefully of cured relatives and friends. There was the amputated leg that refused to heal until the local doctor ordered daily immersion in the springs; and the girl, paralysed by polio, who was carried down to the beach week after week by her father; and then one day, watched by the owner of the café nearby, she arrived by car as usual, but this time she jumped out of it and ran across the sands to fill up containers with water to take home to sick friends.

Superstition? Magic? Old wives' tales? Suggestion? Those are easy ways out to explain something which should be scientifically explored, and I, for one, am not credulous enough to accept such explanations. Undeniable facts remain—facts of renewed vitality, of healed tissue, of regenerated cells, of straightened limbs and restored nerve function. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' And these fruits are *good*.

So many channels, all of them valid, all usable. But not all of them are acceptable to every person. Why should they be? Just as no two healers are alike, so every patient is an individual, with deeply entrenched beliefs, some of them acquired over the years, others left over from childhood. Like barnacles which cling to a ship during its voyage, we have all of us accumulated prejudices, fears and distastes. I find that reasonable. One person will accept from the hands of a priest the help which another can only take from a friend; others may be led to accept renewed life direct from its divine source. What matter? Who are we to dictate to each other?

Perhaps at this point it would be useful to try and define what is meant to me by two terms which are likely to come up frequently in this book—'God' and 'spiritual healing'. I can only speak of my own personal beliefs.

As to the first, I hold that the source of all

healing—whether medical or non-medical—is one. That source is God, Life, Spirit. Everyone will choose his own terminology for his own image. Some have called it Allah, Reason, or the Godly Will. What matters is that we should trust it fully, listen to its whispered guiding, and let it work in us and through us to others, for the healing of spirit, mind and body. For, indeed, all the evidence shows that this Power can be received and passed on, both individually and in groups. It can heal a man of alcoholism, a cold in the head, multiple sclerosis or bad temper.

Accepting the source of healing as God, what does that term mean to me? At one time God was represented as a Super-Being 'enthroned on high', from which mysterious abode creation was ruled and men were judged, condemned or rewarded. But as life opened up before me, I found that often it was the good who were held on beds of pain, and that many wrong-doers led very pleasant lives, which suggested a certain capriciousness on the part of the judge. This offended my ideas of fair-play. Apparently, to ask for help or healing from this Being would imply an expectation of special favours, in the granting of which (if one asked hard enough and with sufficient abasement) natural laws might have to be broken. After a time, I could no longer accept such a picture. I did not want a potentate who had his favourites. Even my superficial reading

of modern physics provided me with deeper grounds for faith and a more Christian idea of God.

For a long time, like a lot of people, I had remained part of the scientific thought of yesterday—the outlook that considered the atom as the ultimate form of a world of hard substance. But the modern scientist says that the atom is ‘like energy’. It is no more than ‘the point of contact between positive and negative charges of electricity’. One physicist says that the universe is ‘the clothing of an idea’. Another is looking for ‘the spirit of the atom’. And Eddington writes: ‘The nature of all reality is spiritual, not material. The stuff of the universe is Mind stuff. Mind determines the fate of atoms and their combinations’. Raynor C. Johnson, commenting in *The Imprisoned Splendour* on the way in which surgeons’ joints are perfected in time, says: ‘It would almost seem as if a three-dimensional “blue-print” . . . is laid down, presumably created, sustained and animated by Mind, on which matter moulds itself, and to which it is obliged to conform’.

My common sense, as well as this extraordinary sense of the modern scientist, tells me that I am living in a world of cause and effect. So also do the life and teaching of Jesus. The more I read the Gospels, the more clearly I see that life is impartial, that the just and unjust both get equally wet when it rains; that the universe is run by great spiritual and natural laws which are benign and can be relied

upon, and which God himself cannot break, because he *is* the law. Jesus shows me a new God from the one shown me earlier—not a despot under whose rule one lives in a constant condition of insecurity. Today I worship a Spirit that is a great creative and sustaining Power and Energy, always at work, not only in the universe around me but also in each cell of my body—when I allow it to have its way. This God can swing a star or heal a cut finger or a wounded mind. I cannot, dare not, set limits to the operation of such a Power, and I willingly give all that I have and am to its beneficent working—a working that is always within the confines of its own law.

Next, to attempt a definition of spiritual healing. This is difficult. It is so much easier to say what it does than what it is. Perhaps one could best begin by saying some of the things it is *not*, and then see what is left. That will at least help to clear away a few misconceptions.

Spiritual healing is not magic, although some of its effects appear to be magical, due to our ignorance of its scientific rules. In any case, all love is magical in effect, and love and compassion are at the root of healing. Nor is healing a miracle, though one may be forgiven for terming it that when one sees a paralysed child get up and walk. A miracle, as I and the dictionary see it, is an event that arouses wonder and awe by its inexplicable happenings.

But then, there are so many taking place around us in nature every day. I shall always remember the thrill of first reading *The Sea Around Us* by Rachel Carson, with its story of the little grunion fish. To repeat the story here is not the digression it may appear to be.

‘Shortly after the full moon of the months from March to August, the grunion appear in the surf on the beaches of California. . . . On these waves of the ebbing tide the fish begin to come in. Their bodies shimmer in the light of the moon as they are borne up the beach on the crest of a wave, they lie glittering on the wet sand for a perceptible moment of time, then fling themselves into the wash of the next wave and are carried back to sea. . . . During the brief interval between successive waves, the male and female have come together in the wet sand, the one to shed her eggs, the other to fertilize them. When the parent fish return to the water, they have left behind a mass of eggs buried in the sand. Succeeding waves on that night do not wash out the eggs because the tide is already ebbing. The waves of the next high tide will not reach them, because for a time after the full of the moon each tide will halt its advance a little lower on the beach than the preceding one. The eggs, then, will be undisturbed for at least a fortnight. In the warm, damp, incubating sand they undergo their development. Within two weeks the magic change from

fertilized egg to larval fishlet is completed, the perfectly formed little grunion still confined within the membranes of the egg, still buried in the sand, waiting for release. With the tides of the new moon it comes. Their waves wash over the places where the little masses of the grunion eggs were buried, the swirl and wash of the surf stirring the sand deeply. As the sand is washed away, and the eggs feel the touch of the cool sea water, the membranes rupture, the fishlets hatch, and the waves that released them bear them away to sea'.

Although Rachel Carson can describe what happens, she cannot explain those exact calculations on the part of things and creatures that cannot calculate, or that blindly obey calculations made for them—by what? This is, for me, a natural miracle.

A miracle of healing, on the other hand, implies the restoration of a broken pattern, the correction of a *miscalculation*. If moon and sea and fish suddenly broke the law of rhythm laid upon them, so that the moon refused to draw the tides and the tides refused to ebb and flow, and the confused grunion forgot to lay her eggs, healing correction in that particular situation would be a restoration of normal activities and of normal conditions. Which is what happens with the spiritual healing of men and women. And of course far more things can go wrong with humans than with grunions,

because humans, of all created things, have the terrible power to say No to life.

Dr. Arthur Guirdham says, in his book *Christ and Freud*: 'It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, outside the [medical] profession, individuals have healing powers', and I have known 'miraculous' results obtained by a mother who yearns over a sick child. If a mother truly loves, then unconsciously she draws from that great spiritual reservoir of healing which is the birthright of all.

No, healings are not 'miracles', save in a poetic sense.

And again, spiritual healing is not faith-healing, or else it could not revive a dying animal from a distance; but certainly faith on the part of one of the actors in the drama would seem to be necessary—the animal's owner, or a friend, or a healer.

Some believe that there is a mysterious force in a healer's hands, which has been called 'odic force', a sort of emanation of physical power. Yet experiments have proved that a healer's hands are impotent when they are placed on a sufferer without an accompanying intention of the mind. Add the intention to the act, and something is released. We are back in the realm of the mind, or spirit, as the source of supply. This is supported by the mass of evidence concerning the success obtained through distant or absent healing, where the physical presence is not involved, as, for instance, in the case

of a woman who has lived for years in a mental hospital and who is suddenly and permanently cured, from a distance. Also the fact has to be taken into account that many healers are not *physically* suited to the work they do. One of our finest healers was a paralytic.

Nor is spiritual healing telepathy or hypnosis. And yet, something of all these 'nots' may *accompany* it and may be helpful. But they are not *it*, and it can work equally well without them. There remains an X-force about which we still know very little.

One more 'not'. Spiritual healing is not necessarily religious. Orthodox believers need not be offended by this statement. This form of healing can be used religiously by religious people as can any other form of treatment for relieving disease but it is not, of itself, religious. Yet it is most surely spiritual. Is, then, another definition now needed? To me, to listen to a Beethoven symphony, finely rendered, is an intensely spiritual experience, but I would not call it a religious one, although it might be the means of drawing one to religion. The same applies to a painting, or an ideal friendship. I use 'spiritual' to describe that finer part of a man which concerns his ideals, his higher emotions of love and sacrifice, his mind, indeed his spirit, which although so closely interwoven with brain and body yet is distinct from them, as the gold and blue are interwoven yet distinct in shot-silk. Spiritual healing

comes from the spirit, and works through the spirit of the healer upon the spirit of the patient. The body responds, if it can. How many doctors are admitting today that countless diseases first start in the mind and spirit of a man? Plato knew that, for did he not say, 'If the head and body are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul'? And Appolonius of Tyana quoted Pythagoras as saying that divine art was that of healing. 'And if the healing art', added Appolonius, 'is most divine, it must occupy itself with the soul as well as with the body; for no creature can be sound so long as the higher part of it is sickly.'

Lastly, there is a misconception I would like to dispel. Many people have the idea that spiritual healing is so closely associated with experiences of the occult, that to go to a spiritual healer is tantamount to consulting a medium. It is easy to see how this arose, for spiritualists have been in the forefront in the attempt to bring back the Christian practice of healing to the churches, and all honour to them for the fine work they have done. In the past, spiritualist healers have often worked in trance, and this has been a hindrance to some enquirers. Nowadays this is gradually being dropped as healers discover they get better results by simpler methods. These healers believe that departed doctors still care for suffering humanity, and like to co-operate with healers here to bring relief to the sick, because,

like St. Thérèse, they 'want to spend their time in heaven doing good on earth'. Such beliefs are not held in general by Methodists or Anglicans or Friends, though the work of the Churches' Fellowship for Psychical and Spiritual Studies is doing much to revive the faith of Christians in the after-life, the possibility of communication with the departed, and the practical 'ministry of angels' and 'communion of saints'. But there is no reason why one should consult a healer of any other persuasion than one's own.

How has it come about that spiritual healing should be the sole method of healing used by over five million people in the U.S.A. today? How is it that there are over ten thousand healers at work in France? And why, in our own country, have over fifteen hundred State hospitals, representing two hundred and forty-nine authorities, opened their doors for healers to come in and treat their sick? Such facts are worth examining, and the books mentioned at the end will help readers to do so.

Our attitude to these facts might with value be that of my small niece when shown her first lighted Christmas tree. She walked right up to it and held up her hands to touch the lights and make sure they were real. They were, and hotter than she had imagined. Her next act was to sit down on the floor and gaze at the tree in wonder.

2 How does it work?

Spiritual healing is an intensely personal experience, individualistic both in reception and in transmission. This makes it difficult for anyone to give a fair appraisal of its work. Yet this is in accord with nature, as we know it. The manifestations of light are countless—sunlight, moonlight, starlight, the flame of a candle, the sparkle of a firefly, the green lamp of a glow-worm, a flaming torch at Olympia, a neon sign, a lighted gas-jet. All of them speak of light. So, too, with sound. The roar of city traffic, a baby's cry, the song of a Caruso, the squeak of a bat, Pan's pipes, a cat's purr, thunder, the faint whisper of an opening flower. All represent sound. So with healings, which are recognized 'In flashes, and with glory not their own'. 'Recognized' is the key-word. The rainbow, although seen

separately through the eyes of each onlooker, is recognized by each *as* a rainbow. And when a stomach loses its ulcer, gradually or suddenly, or sight returns to an eye described by the oculists as 'dead', or hands, once stiffened by arthritic adhesions, take up their knitting again, these people *know* they have been healed. You recognize a cure as being a cure when you've experienced one.

Will it last, ask the sceptics? Is this cure permanent? Such questions are rarely asked of the man whose toothache has vanished after treatment by a dentist, or even when the common cold disappears, with or without medical aid. What guarantee is there that the man will not suffer toothache again some day, or start sneezing again? None. Many 'relapses' are not true relapses, but fresh illnesses.

The wire carries electricity to the lamp. What conveys the healing power? Dr. Griffith Evans, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.S., calls the *modus operandi* 'the act of belief', and speaks of it in this way: 'Lines of thought become lines of force and become condensed into an event. When we pray, the energy we call on can make good the deficiency of the molecule. . . . Certain energy rays are used by doctors to disperse cancer and other disease cells without breaking up the normal cells. Why then should we be astonished when spiritual dispersing energies

dissolve cancer cells and adhesions of arthritis and the enlarged thyroid gland?

So often when we 'pray' nothing seems to happen. Perhaps we need another attempt at a definition here? Prayer means so many different things to so many different people. A definition which appeals to me comes from another doctor, the famous scientist, Alexis Carrel. After studying some of the cures at Lourdes, especially the startling recovery of one of his own patients, this former agnostic, in his book *Man the Unknown*, states:

'Certain spiritual activities may cause anatomical as well as functional modifications of the tissues and the organs. These organic phenomena are observed in various circumstances—among them being the state of prayer. Prayer should be understood not as a mere mechanical recitation of formulas, but as a mystical elevation, an absorption of consciousness in the contemplation of a principle both permeating and transcending our world . . .

'Our present conception of the influence of prayer upon pathological lesions is based upon the observation of patients who have been cured almost instantaneously of various affections such as peritoneal tuberculosis, abscesses, osteitis, suppurating wounds, lupus, cancer, etc. . . . In a few seconds, a few minutes, at the most a few hours, wounds are cicatrized, pathological symptoms disappear, appetite returns. . . . The miracle is characterized chiefly

by an extreme acceleration of the processes of organic repair'.

Such 'prayer', or communication, can be of two varieties it seems—active or passive. In the former a definite request for help is sent out to the world of Spirit, by someone—not necessarily the patient—connected with the situation. In the latter no conscious appeal is made by anyone, but the needed help is given. It is possible, here, that the attunement between patient and Spirit is so clear and strong that spoken requests are unnecessary. Did not James Montgomery define prayer as being 'the soul's sincere desire; uttered or unexpressed'? Such healings as are described by Alexis Carrel should hardly surprise us, if we accept the statement in the *British Medical Journal* a few years ago, that 'no tissue of the human body is removed from the influence of spirit'.

When a definite appeal is made, which is the usual approach to healing, no 'vain repetitions' are needed, just the simple, heartfelt request to whatever God you believe in, such as: 'This person has a bad pain in his knee; will you please take it away'. It often comes, I am sure, through a doctor's compassionate desire for his patient's recovery, or it may be accompanied by some elaborate church ritual. After all, whether one eats a boiled egg or a continental omelette, the basic ingredient is the same.

Again, healing may come through the utterance of some affirmation, as: 'God is perfect, and I am a child of God, therefore in his sight I am perfect, and I now expect my body to reflect this truth'. Many have healed themselves by the realization that God's law is wholeness and harmony. If we can hold—even for a fleeting but perhaps repeated moment—the knowledge that our real selves, which are spirit, are perfect, as God is perfect, our subconscious minds will be helped to catch the idea and to relay it to nerves and muscles and bones, until in time the molecules and atoms begin to re-shape in obedience to the pattern given to them. This healing truth is behind a lot of the successes of the Christian Science Movement, and various New Thought organizations.

Whatever method be used, the re-shaping is what has to happen. It can come rapidly, and indeed many of us—including doctors—have seen those surprising sudden recoveries, not miracles, but an 'extreme acceleration of the natural processes of healing'. A woman in the street trips and falls down, twisting her foot. The pain appears to be extreme, and she holds on to the railing. A healer, passing by, offers help. The woman nods, unable to speak for the pain. The healer holds the ankle, and in a few seconds the lines of pain go from the woman's face, and she exclaims: 'Oh! that feels wonderful, just like a poultice! All the pain has

gone'. She cautiously moves the foot and finds it flexible and pain-free. She picks up her shopping basket and runs across the street.

The other day I was watching a great tit clinging to the side of the window, and pecking with force and incredible speed at the mortar in the stone crevices. When sound vibrations are so fantastically speeded up, as in the tit's tapping, they sound almost as *one* sound, because their compass of time is so small. Is it not possible that, in the curing of disease, when the higher vibrations of the spirit act on the lower vibrations of diseased tissue, the finer vibrations can outstrip ordinary time, and the everyday processes of repair can be so speeded up that—like the tit's tapping—it can seem to onlookers to be simultaneous?

Patients, like healers, are individualistic, and the same healing, directed on the same morning to two people with the same disease condition, may have very different results. One would expect this to be so, if one accepts that the healer treats not a disease but a person. And a person is a bundle of quick or slow reactions, has an open or closed mind, a free or fearful nature, is clear from or tied to past experiences—for all of these make up the nature of his physical and mental responses to treatment. As an example, I think of two patients, each of whom had had a similar hernia. Each was confident that spiritual healing could help the condition. In

one case the hernia remained unaltered for about two years, then the patient had it successfully operated upon. In the other all pain ceased under the healer's hands and the lump disappeared at the first treatment, and five years later was reported still to be non-existent. Which leads to the difficult question: Why do some healings fail? But that belongs to the next section. Here, I am only pointing out some of the vagaries of healing.

In the past the act of healing was often accompanied by what seem to us to be quaint procedures. St. Paul sent handkerchiefs and aprons, supposedly impregnated with his healing power, to patients he could not visit. Other patients were cured by St. Peter's shadow. One healer of my acquaintance asks the aid of certain saints, who she is assured give help in some cases. Another, who said she was helped by St. Thérèse, always had roses about her, the petals of which were given to patients, and cures resulted. A young abbé of the seminary of Bayeux developed galloping consumption, and on the night of his expected death, prayed to St. Thérèse for relief. A visible change took place at once, and when the doctors, hastily sent for, had examined the young man, they said they found him completely restored to health. The official account, in a work endorsed by the French Academy, states: 'The destroyed and ravaged lungs had been replaced by new lungs, carrying out their normal functions'.

Various objects have been used in healing, besides roses, and are credited with ability to convey the healing power. Leonardo da Vinci's painting, 'The Last Supper', is one such, the 'healing rays' of which are supposed to cure the sick who gaze upon it. Another is the oil used by the church.

Water is commonly used for healing purposes. Even today country people often use spring water for eye complaints, with good results.

At the foot of the hill where I live runs a small brook whose waters are supposed to contain medicinal properties. Within living memory the monks who lived near here used to bring in horses from the district around that they might stand in the water and so strengthen their fetlocks.

But the association of water with healing is far more than a matter of chemistry. From time immemorial they have had a close spiritual relationship, as is suggested by the water at Lourdes (I have some, fresh and sparkling today after three years), and by the potency of ancient holy wells and other springs.

Deeper still, the relationship is more mystical. Religious literature speaks of 'the fountain of the water of life', and of 'living waters', phrases which clothe profound truths. In the Bible a 'fountain' signifies a springhead or source, and 'living' infers a never-ceasing supply. Spiritual healing is, indeed, not a tap to be turned on and off at will, giving a

passive flow of stale water, but is a spring from which pure, active water surges up, defying gravity with its living power and overcoming all obstacles.

It is one of the paradoxes of life that obstacles often aid the spiritual power which contends with them. Jacob had to wrestle with his spirit visitant before the blessing could be given him. Although healing flows freely and is a gift, yet it would seem that with the gift must go deliberate intention and resolve before the inspiration can be translated into terms of our humanity.

Things live and grow in tension; not the negative stress and strain known to therapeutics, but the creative tension of the mounting wave that moves to the shore as the crest flings free; the tension of poet or painter, breaking into sudden beauty; the tension of the wings of a bird beating against the air, resulting in flight; the tension of a young plant as it strives to overcome the weight of soil above it, and, in striving, achieves maturity.

So it is with the healing streams. Immediately healing is sought, battle is joined between the upward surge of new life and the forces which would seem to threaten its flow, but which can help to set it free.

The work of a healer is neither passively automatic nor a closed scientific system; rather it would seem to be an art, with all the unpredictability of

art, with its paradoxes and vagaries, its tensions and releases, and its miracles. St. Paul might well have been describing the overcoming power of spiritual healing when he spoke of 'the tension of this struggle that gives us glory'.

3 Obstructions and releases

In a garden a rose tree will often send out long suckers below the graft, so hindering the free flow of life to the rest of the tree above. This is a problem of human nature, too, well known to psychologists and parsons and social workers. Well known unfortunately, to each one of us, healers and patients alike. If we say otherwise 'we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us'. Some of these emotional suckers date back to infancy—or beyond. Whatever their origin, these things are *there*, part of us, and will continue to send up their shoots below the graft until intervention comes. A rose tree thus rebels against the glory that has been grafted on to it and frets for its wild briar state, but the wise gardener rubs off the suckers as they appear. He does not cut off the briar trunk and root from which

they sprang. If he did so, he would destroy the whole tree. On the contrary, his gentler treatment preserves the life of the tree. Briar and graft need each other, for it is the union that produces the finest roses.

Why do the results of some healings delay, or relapse, or fail? The parable of the rose tree may provide one out of a hundred possible explanations. All of us possess old fears; disappointed hopes; hauntings of guilt and remorse. They are unavoidable, being part of our humanity. That a person should be good or wicked does not always seem to have relevance to this—indeed, the saints would appear to be plagued most by such ‘suckers’. What matters most for our own health and happiness, and for the comfort of those who have to live with us, is what we *do* with them. Perhaps the first useful thing is to see them clearly for what they are, and then refuse to give them power over the present. Instead, try to re-direct the life of the briar to its true purpose in uniting with the rose, and encourage it to flow straight up through the graft, and so become fully part of the new growth, no longer robbing, but enriching and developing. Psychologists call this ‘sublimation’. In time, under repeated treatment, the suckers will weaken and finally cease to trouble us.

The causes of disease are numerous, but many of them appear thus to lie deeply buried in the mind

and spirit. Old hurts and resentments, old doubts and fears, have a horrid way of suddenly sending up these unwanted shoots, and they are symptomized in patterns of disease. I have known people to become perfectly healed without the source of their psychosomatic troubles ever being brought into consciousness. But of course the work done in the psychiatrist's consulting room or the priest's confessional can be truly cathartic. There are no rules.

The obvious causes of ill-health—bad conditions, crowded, stuffy rooms, too little exercise, or too much—hardly need comment. Nor the pure accident, such as when the guardsman, awaiting orders to fire in a competition, sneezed. His automatic rifle went off, and the bullet ricocheted off the concrete edge of the firing point, and lodged in the ear of the officer next to him. Another guardsman rode his motor-cycle towards the camp to get an ambulance, crashed into a ditch and broke both wrists.

Often physical causes must be rectified before the spiritual healing can hope to be successful. That is only common sense. If an old lady who has bad spinal trouble has to carry water and coal up forty-four stairs to her bed-sitting-room is it likely that her back will re-shape nearer to the heart's desire? But mention must be made of some extraordinary exceptions. There are some people, not always

young, who seem able to break all the known laws of good health, if not with complete impunity, at least only by incurring some sudden sharp inflammation which rights itself very quickly. One can only surmise that such people are under such close obedience to the spiritual impulse which set them on their course, that they are sustained and repaired by it when evils threaten. It has happened to the saints again and again. It *could* presumably happen to anyone who was fulfilling the necessary conditions of obedience to inspiration, receiving in return protection and renewal—not as a ‘reward for good conduct’, but as part of the law of cause and effect.

The body was meant to be well, and given the chance it heals itself, as it was meant to do. But it can only show forth this intended perfection if its natural restorative processes are not interfered with, by wrong living or thinking, by the breaking of natural and spiritual laws. Such interferences can block not only the healing power, but any kind of power. In dry summers, I use a hose for watering the garden, but if I stand upon any part of it, no water can flow through, even though the tap be turned on and the supply remains fully adequate. It would be contrary to spiritual justice if any healer had the power to cancel the law of cause and effect. Even in those cases mentioned of inexplicable recoveries, the law still holds good, but the restorative processes are unaccountably accelerated.

Other barriers to healing may include some of the following conditions:

1. *Physical.* If a man has his foot crushed in a machine, and amputation becomes necessary, spiritual healing does not, at present, grow a new foot for him. A man with severe heart disease, who insists on living beyond his suitable pace, will continue to suffer angina pains. In another case deterioration of the tissues may be so far advanced that the body has become incapable of making more than a feeble response to the call of health.

2. *Mental or nervous.* A girl of my acquaintance had multiple sclerosis and was only able to shuffle a few steps with someone's help. Yet her sister, who slept with her, described how the girl, in a sleep-walking state, would rise unaided from her bed, dress with ease, and walk around the house in a normal manner, and then return to bed. It was as if interference from some part of the mind was removed in sleep. Over-strain of the nervous system can produce physical symptoms, too. Another girl came to a healer after being incapacitated for two years with a persistent and sore skin rash. Hospital treatment and various specialists had not allayed it. She had to dress the sores two or three times a day, had lost much weight, and was in a state of great debility, and slept badly in spite of sedatives. During the first week after receiving spiritual healing she said she 'felt better in herself'. By the

end of the second week she was sleeping an extra four hours a night. By 14th September, three weeks after the first visit, the rash began to improve, and by 28th September some of the most angry patches were quite clear. By 30th October she was sleeping well without the sedative, and had started upon a responsible job. By the middle of January in the following year she had gained over a stone in weight, was sleeping and eating well, and all the rash had gone except for a few spots. Friends were astonished at her altered appearance. Healing was continued, at intervals, for a year, in order to stabilize the cure, since when there has been no return of the trouble. There had been many problems and anxieties to account for the illness. These still exist.

3. *Moral and spiritual.* A friend of a friend of mine suffered badly from heart trouble and dropsy. He was a man of faith and had prayed for relief, without avail. Then, one day, someone suggested to him that true prayer involved listening for inspiration and direction, even more than making requests. On a lonely hillside, he sat quietly, and waited with inward listening. And—as also happened to Moses and St. Francis, to St. Joan and Abraham Lincoln, to Gandhi, and to many ordinary folk today who take time in silence to open their spirits to the great Creative Spirit—he received the truth. An old hurt came to mind which he had thought to be

forgotten and forgiven years ago. But the hard core was still there, like the seed of a cancer. He faced the unpalatable revelation, and mentally asked for forgiveness for his hidden hardness of heart. By the next day his dropsy and heart trouble had vanished and he was a free man.

The block may be an unconscious holding on to an illness which is felt to serve a needed purpose and has become the patient's chief security. Healers never hope just to relieve a symptom only. Spiritual healing seeks to remove the cause.

If a builder were commissioned to build a palace, but picked up the plans nearest to hand without examining them, and built from them without reflection, he might find he had erected a prison instead. We sometimes do this, too. The negative is always the thing nearest to hand, and we are so spiritually blind that often we can't recognize it for what it is. The positive has to be searched for and fought for. It is when I pick up the wrong plan that I find myself saying, 'It's easy to catch colds at this time of the year', or, 'You must expect a few aches and pains when you get on in life'. But God's blue-print says, 'Behold! I make all things new!'

Some failures in healing may be no more than failures in patience and perseverance on the part of patient or healer. As Harry Edwards says: 'Healing is not time-governed, it is continuous according to

the patient's needs and opportunity; every minute of the day and night, sustaining, strengthening, alleviating, correcting, allaying fears, dispersing unwanted matter, giving comfort and in all the other ways that are needed to master the cause of the trouble and remove its ill effects, and so restore the sick one to perfect health'.

Sometimes, too, there can be barriers between healer and patient which impede the healing: ordinary dislikes and aversions, two personalities out of tune. Often, then, a change of healer can be helpful. At other times a barrier may be created by the healer's own effort to produce good results.

One morning recently I realized how often the breaking of the laws of harmony can make the work of the healer more difficult than need be. I was walking along a busy street and thinking of nothing in particular, when I was suddenly assailed by the thought: true creativity is a kind of love; and how much there is of it everywhere! Wherever I looked, the world seemed full of it; even the trees and stones appeared to exist because of it, each enabled by it perfectly to fulfil its true purpose—the purpose of a tree to be a tree, the purpose of a stone to be a stone; the purpose of a man to be a man; and everything, because impelled and linked by love, giving and taking in perfect reciprocity.

I stood there, quite still, as the ideas unfolded.

This, I saw, is not the love we feel as emotion or affection. Rather is it the love of which Dante sang, that 'moves the sun and all the other stars'; the very pulse of the universe, a harmonious activity. Some scientists talk of an 'expanding universe', where stars and planets are for ever rushing away from each other into limitless space; others speak of 'continuous creation'. Perhaps both concepts are true? Perhaps the cosmos is like a vast breathing lung? Whether so or not, it would seem that stars and stones alike find what may be called their 'health' in obeying the laws of harmony. Otherwise, stars would go roaming over space and knocking into each other; and stones would get up and walk, and men would refuse to. This is the love that reproduces a molecular pattern with such accuracy that a daisy never gives birth to a rose.

I see the same law at work in each cell of my body, holding them to the original pattern of harmony and balance laid down for them at birth, and attempting to restore them to it when the design has become blurred through some interference or negligence on my part. Everywhere, love ruling and working—in the rock, in the sea, in the sun and the cell. Because it is universal, we defy it at our peril. Unless we accept this law, we shall get out of step and fall sick.

This love, or balance, is shown in rhythmic movement. The tightrope walker keeps his balance by

swaying slightly to right and left; tides rise and fall; day follows night; spring follows winter; lungs expand and contract, so do muscles. In daily living work needs to be relieved by play, if health is to be maintained; rest needs to be relieved by exercise. Life is made up of comings and goings; birth followed by death, and death followed by new life.

Sometimes a person will fall ill because he has given out too much to work or to people and has allowed no time for receiving the inflow of fresh springs. Even as the heart takes a short but appointed rest between beats, so man himself needs times of quiet in which to find renewal. Some, like the Dead Sea, allow all good to flow in, but give none out, and become a blocked channel in which nothing can live. Just as the body needs to keep its natural rhythms, so must the mind and soul. There must be outlets as well as inlets. How may they be found? They will be revealed through that which one most loves. And love one must, for unless a man gives to something outside himself—a cause, a craft, fellow workers, a child, a plant—there is no health in him. And if he finds that all he is loving day after day is his puny self, so that his time and energies are spent in trying to force the universe to minister to his needs, then he will soon suffer misery and loneliness. Indeed, such a man is dying on his feet. As someone has truly said, 'People

who heal themselves are not magicians, they are "plain folks" who have stopped resisting the universe'.

This, then, I suddenly saw that morning, is what the Bible means when it says: 'God is Love!'

I stood still in amazement as these thoughts came; then the startled expression of a passer-by recalled me to my surroundings and the appointment I was on my way to keep, and I walked on. But above the noise of the traffic sang the music of the spheres, and in the faces of my fellow men I saw the Spirit shining through their murky fears and greeds and hates. I know, now, with a greater certainty than any scientific 'proof' can ever give, that the true pattern of life is harmony. Broken, often, as in war or in disease, but always renewable by love. Whenever we stretch out our sensitive spiritual antennae to the source of this love, we can assuredly receive all the power we need—power to harmonize disordered cells or tangled emotions, power to re-make a sick world.

So often, it is in solitude that a man best receives renewal. Action, speech and thought have to be subdued before Self can speak to self. We naturally shirk this alone-ness, at first. To be onesself demands great humility. But no creativeness comes the easy way, either to artist or saint. Healing cannot be engineered or commanded. It comes as a gift

when we are ready for it. Longfellow is not often quoted in these days, but he well expressed this truth:

‘Let us, then, labour for an inward stillness—
An inward stillness and an inward healing’.

4 Contact healing

Medical healing has its many channels—surgery, physiotherapy, orthopaedics, physics and so on. Spiritual healing, too, has its subdivisions. The three main streams are to be found in contact, or personal, healing; absent, or distant, healing; and self-healing. Readers who are not familiar with all of these may appreciate a short description of them.

Enough has already been said to suggest what a variety of means can be used in contact healing. But if you should visit a member of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers, the treatment probably will be along the following lines.

You may find yourself, with others, attending a clinic in a hall or church where there may or may not be separate cubicles. Or you may have a private

appointment to see a healer in his home. Probably he will have his wife or another healer to help him. Whether at the clinic or at his home, you will sit before him, and no doubt will be encouraged to tell him something about your illness and your background. Most healers feel that it is good for the anxious mind to be relieved of its burdensome thoughts and fears, and so open the way for more positive ideas to enter in. Also it is helpful to learn something of the physical trouble, the hospitals' and doctors' reports, and so on. It establishes a friendly understanding, which builds up confidence, just as it does between a doctor and his patient. Apart from conversation, the healing may not take more than fifteen minutes. The healer may hold your hands in silence for a short time, thus helping to bring about an attunement between you both, and as his compassion goes out to you in your need, and his request for healing is sent forth, so the power begins to flow through his spirit and his hands, into your own spirit and body. He may then place his hands, over the clothing, upon that sensitive nerve centre, the solar plexus. Or this may come last of all, and he may be drawn first of all to the part which is suffering discomfort. There, he will let his hands rest for a few moments, until he feels the power withdrawing from them. Meanwhile his helper—if he has one—stands behind you, and rests his own hands upon your head or shoulders,

with the purpose of reinforcing the healing work. By then, the healer may feel that there is trouble in some other part of the body (for healers, like many doctors, often seem to possess a sixth sense in diagnosis). If so, without necessarily attempting to put a name to the disease, he will treat that part, too. It may be connected with the pain of which the patient first complained, or it may be a separate trouble.

On one occasion, a healer met a new patient who was being treated by her doctor for lumbago. The healer was conscious of a patch of inflammation above the lumbar region, and felt that something might be wrong with the kidneys, and recorded this on the case-card. Two weeks later, the patient was taken to hospital, suddenly, with inflammation of the kidneys. How much good work might be done, if healers and doctors could help each other by working closely together!

Some healers have a strong diagnostic gift, others none. A child of seven was noticed by her parents to be limping. She complained of pain in her groin. The specialist they consulted asked for T.B. tests, which alarmed the parents, and they sought the aid of a healer. As soon as her hands touched the child's leg, she had the thought that the pain was due to a strained ligament. She gave two treatments, and was delighted on her second visit to see the child running across the road with a hardly

perceptible limp. The T.B. tests proved negative, and when the specialist saw the child he noticed the improvement. The father asked him if he thought the trouble could have been a strained ligament. The consultant said it was not what he had expected to find, but that it was a possibility. Owing to personal reasons, the healer could not continue to give help, but introduced the family to another healer, whose diagnosis was the same, and two further visits cleared the trouble completely.

Nearly always, treatment will be given to the head and spine, from which nerves branch out to all parts of the body, with their intricate system of communication. If stimulation of a torpid part be needed, the relevant healing force will be administered. If chemical changes are essential to recovery, or the removal of adhesions and the loosening of locked joints, or cleansing of the blood-stream, softening of hardened tissue, or repair of a damaged nerve, the healer will make the suitable request, or, if he is unsure of the cause of the trouble, he will make a general request for healing. Then, as much as possible of restoration will be done at one treatment.

Although no healer can ever say in advance how long it will be before a cure comes, or even how long it may be before any improvement begins to show itself, yet he sets no limits to what can be accomplished—save for those limitations provided by the

natural and spiritual laws under which healing works, and without which the universe would fall into chaos. A cure may take ten seconds or ten years.

An elderly woman was having healing for a serious disease of the muscles. No medical treatment was being given, on account of complications caused by the usual remedies. Healer and patient alike were so intent upon the task of improving the condition that for the time being other ills were set aside. The muscular power gradually improved. This woman, who at one time had hardly been able to hold up her head or lift her arms, was now able to dress herself, walk from room to room, and knit and write. One day she asked: 'Do you think anything could be done about my nose?' The healer had noticed, on the first visit, a deformity on one side of the nose, but had said nothing. Apparently, at the age of seven, the patient had fallen on to her face and broken her nose. The break was allowed to set itself, which it did badly, and it was not long before increasing pain and difficulty in breathing made the parents call in the doctor. She was taken into hospital, where the nose was broken and re-set. But it left a protuberance on one side, and continued pressure on the inside which made it still impossible for her to breathe through it without pain, so she gave up trying. A year or two before she saw the healer she had asked her doctor for advice about it.

He said it could be broken again and re-set, which might ease the breathing. 'But,' he added, '*nothing* can alter the deformity'. She said that in that case she preferred not to have the operation. In March the healer began to include it in her weekly treatments. For some months there seemed to be no response. Then, early in September, one day there was a noticeable improvement, and the patient found she could blow her nose for the first time in sixty-eight years. By the middle of October the protuberance was gone, but the breathing was still difficult and painful. A few weeks later, this, too, was relieved. In December she had an attack of cystitis, and she called in her doctor for the remedy that had often eased this trouble in the past. On his second—and last—visit she asked him to look at her nose. He said, 'I've been looking at it'. He then gave it a more careful examination, and finally pronounced that there was nothing wrong, adding with interest, 'What have you been doing?' When she told him about the spiritual healing he nodded approvingly, and said, 'We don't pray enough'. Just as he was going, he announced: 'All I can say is that since I last saw you, you have become a completely different woman. Even your skin has changed'.

Sometimes the cure of a secondary trouble seems, so to speak, 'thrown in' without a request being made for it. At times, indeed, the healer may be

unaware of the condition. One day, absent healing was requested by her sister for a woman in her eighties who lived in another part of the country. She had a weak heart, chest congestion and cystitis. After a week or two, these complaints were overcome, and she was able to dress and re-join the family circle. Later, the sister learned that at the same time a long-standing varicose ulcer on her ankle, which the doctor had told her was quite incurable, had healed so perfectly that she was able to have baths.

These stories have been told partly to refute the legend that spiritual healing can help nervous and psychological conditions but cannot cure organic disease. True, the line between the two is becoming harder and harder to define, and many more organic complaints are now thought to be emotional in origin. Even so, strained ligaments, varicose ulcers and a broken nose are still looked upon as organic. It is of interest to note that for a cure to be accepted as a 'miraculous' one by the church authorities in charge of Lourdes, the disease must irrefutably be incapable of having had a nervous origin, and to this end scrupulosity about medical records and hospital reports is insisted upon. Thousands of people have received cures at Lourdes who have not been able to fulfil these conditions, so they are not registered as having received 'miraculous' cures. Those which do pass

through the fine net of this scrutiny are mostly cases of fractures, severed nerves, tuberculosis, Potts disease, cancer, peritonitis, acute meningo-encephalitis, atrophy of optic nerves, spondylitis, brain tumour, ulcerated varicose veins, nephritis. The five thousand doctors (from some thirty countries) who hold themselves ready to give their services to the Medical Bureau whenever possible, some of them top specialists in their particular subjects, are not likely to make many mistakes.

In England, at a public demonstration by Harry Edwards and his assistants, I saw a woman helped on to the platform whose sight was failing. Specialists had told her that she would go blind, as the condition was incurable, though they added: 'If you like to come into hospital we can get you a white stick'. Under the ministrations of the healers her sight was greatly improved, and she wept with joy.

On the table before me lies a letter from an elderly woman who for twenty years had been plagued by general osteo-arthritis, especially in her hips and knees. She had to be assisted into taxis by the drivers, and pulled up from chairs by friends, and found it extremely difficult to get up and down stairs. After a few weeks of healing she went to stay with a friend, and from there she wrote: 'I can now jump up and down from chairs, and have absolutely no difficulty or pain in doing everything. . . . I really

began to wonder if my knees would ever work properly again'.

An enthusiastic amateur gardener, during a drought, carried heavy buckets of water to his terraced garden, and (wearing plimsolls for coolness) jumped down the low banks each time to save walking round the paths. The jarring caused strain and inflammation of the bands of fibrous tissue which enclose and connect the muscles on the top of each foot. After prolonged and thorough treatment at the local hospital, he was discharged. As he was still in constant pain, unable to walk normally up or down stairs, a friend suggested that he should see a healer, which he did. After one week he reported the first lessening of pain since the accident, though he still limped, one foot being worse than the other. Two months later, he could run up and down stairs, and only had twinges of pain if he did too much walking. He discarded his stick. That summer he attended a Horse Show, and was on his feet all day, with no discomfort at all. The condition did not return.

I once met a man who worked for the Water Works, digging up the mains. He was suffering from an advanced abscess of the lung. After a few visits to a healer, the patient felt so much better that he asked for a check-up at the hospital. When the specialist saw the next X-ray photographs he said the wrong ones must have been given him, for

these showed no trace of any disease. The plates were re-checked, and proved to be correct. All that the specialist could say, gazing at his patient, was: 'I don't know. I just don't know'. The man returned to work the following week.

Animals respond well to both contact and absent healing.

One day, a cat got lost, finally returning home at the end of the day in a state of shock, his fur torn and covered in bramble thorns. It was thought that he had tried to force his way through the hedge at the bottom of the garden, and had got entangled in the blackberry bushes there. The owner was a healer, but perhaps his natural anxiety made a barrier, as is often the case, too, when a healer tries to help his relations. By the time another healer saw the cat, he had eaten nothing for nearly a week, and only sipped a little milk and water sometimes, and was so weak that they were considering having to put him to sleep. Contact healing was given at 5.30 p.m., and soon afterwards the draggled, emaciated animal began to purr. At nine o'clock he crawled into the kitchen and miaowed for food. He ate ravenously from a bowl of fish and bread, then drank a large saucerful of milk. Within four days he had completely recovered.

Ailments may be simple or complex. On the whole, it would seem that recently acquired ills, such as injuries and accidents, respond more

quickly than chronic diseases. Possibly the latter have had time to lay hold of the total personality, whereas a dislocated wrist, if treated promptly, is more amenable.

The spirit, in healing, works somewhat like a theatrical producer. He holds the picture of a certain play so clearly and so strongly in his mind that he is able to make it 'come true' on the stage. Similarly, one can be a 'producer' of health for oneself and for others.

But sometimes the actors under the producer's direction are slow to respond.

5 Distant healing and self-healing

Now we approach a more intangible form of healing. Many people accept the fact of contact healing—indeed, it is hard to refute the evidence of one's own eyes—but when it comes to the consideration of absent healing, imagination finds it difficult to accept effects in the same way. Yet these same people who shake their heads when told of either organic or nervous disease cured at a distance, will unquestioningly accept that they hear and see in a room representations in sound and vision of those who are performing a play a hundred miles away. I have heard murmured remarks about 'electro-magnetics' when speaking of the laying-on of hands, but I have seen raised eyebrows when someone tells of a sick animal healed from a distance. Well, of course, the farmer may have made a

mistake! Perhaps his animal wasn't really ill at all? Or perhaps it had the complaint as diagnosed by the vet and just recovered of its own accord?

One animal I have in mind was a calf. A large tumour in its mouth made it very difficult for it to eat. No treatment was given, as the disease was incurable. Absent healing was given, unknown to anyone at the farm. Asked about this animal later on, the farmer replied: 'Oh, yes, I particularly remember that calf, because the trouble cleared up, which was unusual, and remarkably quick, too'.

On the same farm, one of the workers had a bad fall which displaced some ribs and caused great pain. As this did not improve under ordinary orthopaedic treatment, an operation was suggested. The youth had not had a good night's sleep since the accident and looked very miserable, and was only able to do light jobs. Hearing of his trouble, the healer—again, unknown to any of them—began absent healing. On the evening of the following day he heard that the worker had had his first good night, and was almost free from pain, and had said to a mutual friend, 'I haven't felt so well for a long time'. A week later he was seen lifting heavy bales of hay and doing all his usual farm work, and in the five years that have followed there has been no recurrence of the trouble.

Absent healing has often cured people who were too ill—perhaps unconscious—or too prejudiced,

or too insane to be told that such help was being given. This dispels the idea that faith on the part of the patient is necessary. Faith on the part of a relative or the healer is another matter. Animals and babies have no particular belief in a God or a healer, or indeed in anyone other than a loved owner or parent. A beautiful dog was dying of gastro-enteritis. The vet had given him up, as all the remedies had failed. The dog's owner felt she should give the word to end his life, but decided to wait one more day. For five days the dog had been vomiting, and had not lifted his head from his basket. Hearing the story, a healer began absent healing at two o'clock that afternoon, without telling the owner, and then, in the evening, rang up for news. The reply was: 'It was most extraordinary, at half past two he suddenly opened his eyes and held out his paw to shake hands, and his eyes are less lifeless'. The healer then told her what had been done, and was asked to continue. At nine o'clock the next morning came the news that the dog was able to walk up and down the garden, and within a few days he was quite well.

No, faith is not necessary. People come to a healer for various reasons besides that of expecting a cure—sometimes it is just to quiet an anxious relative, or out of curiosity, or even in a spirit of mocking. It makes no difference.

A woman asked for absent healing for her son,

who, she said, mustn't be told, as she knew 'he laughed at all such things and wouldn't have anything to do with them'. He had been born with twisted feet, a condition which had been partly improved by an operation when a child. He was now in his twenties, and of late his left foot was as badly twisted as ever, the ankle was swollen and he was in great pain. His doctor had made an appointment for him to see the orthopaedic specialist, and his mother wondered if the pain could be eased meanwhile by healing. Absent healing was started. His mother saw him a week later, and said he reported that not only had the pain gone, but the foot was now normal—which it had never been before—and what was more, the right one was now normal, too. The healer advised her to tell him he must keep the appointment with the specialist, which he did. Apart from removing some hard skin under the feet, the report was, 'Nothing wrong'. He told his mother that his feet were now 'better than they have ever been'.

What does the healer *do*? How is absent healing given to someone you've never met? Here again, methods vary; what is best for one healer would seem awkward and unsuitable for another. I have talked with many of them. Usually the healer does this work at night, for many healers have to earn their living by day. (I have yet to meet a healer who makes charges for his work.) At night, then, when

patients are in bed, relaxed, if not asleep, the healer will, by silence and meditation, become attuned with his highest ideals and his God. Then he will read (silently, or aloud) the name of the person and a description of the symptoms and the name of the disease, if known. He asks that the cause of the trouble may be removed, and the symptoms relieved. He then visualizes the patient as whole and well, the affected parts functioning perfectly, as they were meant to do, and ends his intercessions, as he began, by giving thanks to the Lord of Life and Health. Another healer may keep his list in a special place or under his pillow, committing all his patients to God each night, and if any on the list come specially into his mind, making particular intercession for them, or for any new sufferers.

None of this explains *how* it works, and for my part this remains a mystery. Perhaps we really share one common mind, a vast pool of thought into which our requests are cast, and from which each mind, under guidance of the spirit, abstracts what is needed? Perhaps the request of the healer helps the angel to 'trouble the waters'?

As a child, I accepted the dictionary definition of an island as 'a piece of land surrounded by water'. My imaginative impressions of such islands were dream-like: a palm-girt stretch of shore, a rock or collection of rocks, without root or anchorage, the island hovering like a great bird on the ocean's

swell. What kept them in their place, these pieces of land surrounded by water? It puzzled me. At the far end of my father's farm there was a shallow moat, in the middle of which, on a mound, a group of old cider-apple trees huddled together. The orchard was linked at one point to the meadows by a shaky wooden bridge. The farm-men always spoke of the orchard as 'the island'. Yet, whenever I (forbiddenly) clambered out on the rotting planks and gazed into the water, I could plainly see that the pond had a bottom which stretched unbrokenly from the muddy, shelving banks to the apple trees, thus—to my mind—wrenching the island from its defined isolation. What, then, of those other dream-conceived ocean islands? Fathoms below, no doubt they, too, were linked to the mainland, and were not, in fact, islands at all. Perhaps our own 'separateness', too, is an illusion?

In another country there lives a girl, now aged twenty-eight, whose abnormal and few periods were always accompanied by severe pain. Neither surgeons nor physicians could find any cause, and psychiatric treatment had no effect. She knew a little about spiritual healing through an English correspondent who was a healer, but had no faith in it. She was engaged to be married, and was anxious that what was wrong should be put right, as she longed to have children. Apart from some lack of self-confidence at times, she had a balanced

outlook on life, and was perfectly healthy. On 14th November, in despair, she confided in her English friend, but did not ask for healing. The healer, feeling great compassion for her, suggested she should put the girl on her absent healing list. The reply came that she had no expectations of any good results, but she was willing for her friend to have a try. On 6th January of the following year she wrote: 'My dear friend, what I can tell you will certainly please you and that is that my periods have come very regular. I still cannot quite believe it, but it is a fact that cannot be denied. I shall get married this year, and it came in time. Thank you so much for your faith and its effective help'. On 14th March she wrote: 'I can report you that also last time my period has come right, a bit too early, but I had no pains by it'. She married in July and healing was discontinued. In April of the following year she had her first baby, and news has just come of the birth of another child.

It is easy to concoct theories about such things, and I try not to do so, but I have a growing feeling that 'absent healing' is *always* given, whether the patient is present or not. Contact healing, in that case, would be absent healing plus. In line with the thought of modern physics, would it really matter if the patient were a thousand miles away or in the same room?

Self-healing is something which everyone could

and should practise, but very few do. Even healers nearly always prefer to have help from other healers and doctors when they are ill. Lack of confidence? Maybe. And perhaps lack of training, too. It is a pity, for so much could be done to help ourselves. I have tried to avoid this little book becoming an autobiography, but one personal incident seems relevant here, so I will venture to include it.

Just before a holiday I contracted a septic finger. The surgeon lanced it, but the condition remained unaltered. On the Friday, three days before I was due to go away, he confessed that he was 'worried', so ordered X-ray photography. All the time, in spite of pain, I had felt a strange sense of detachment. I had the same sympathetic concern for the poisoned finger that I would have had for that of a friend. It was as if the condition belonged to the body, only, not to my real self. And I repeatedly refused to accept that I was *meant* to be ill.

On the Saturday morning, the X-ray photographs clearly revealed that the finger-bone was diseased. Nothing could cure this, I was told, except an operation to remove the diseased part. The idea didn't appeal to me, so on the Saturday night I tried self-healing. I asked that the homoeopathic remedy I was having might be made more effective, and then—without knowing if it was medically possible—I asked, in prayer, that the diseased part of the bone might come away and dissolve, and the

finger be free from all infection. When I saw the surgeon on the Sunday morning he pronounced, with astonishment and delight, that the finger was healing at last. I asked what he thought had happened, and he said: 'Obviously the diseased part of the bone has come away and has dissolved, and the finger is now free from all infection', using the words of my petition. He added that this was possible, but extremely rare. The wound closed up the next day, and I set out for my holiday abroad. When I came home, a retired hospital theatre Sister came to stay. I told her the story, and she said that in her long experience she had never known a similar case to be cured without surgery.

A friend of mine who believes in self-healing and practises it when necessary, recently wrote to me: 'I had a violent headache one day, so bad that I was on my way to get some aspirins when I thought, "Try healing!" I did, using my hands all over my head, working from base of skull and over. Ten minutes later I began to sneeze, and continued to do so until I had used up several handkerchiefs. When the sneezing stopped, the headache was gone'.

Another cure, of someone known to me through correspondence, seems to come under the heading of self-healing. A certain couple were on holiday with friends, and came to Bath. Some three weeks earlier, the wife had badly burned a finger at the cooking stove, and it refused to heal. When they

started their holiday, the finger was festering badly, and she promised her husband to see a doctor if it did not soon improve. The next day, they all visited the Cheddar Caves. The guide pointed out a basin-shaped hollow in the rock, called 'The Font'. For centuries spring water had dripped into this hollow. She suddenly felt a strong impulse to dip her finger into the basin. Letting the rest of the party go on ahead, she held her finger in the ice-cold water for two or three minutes, and when she withdrew it she was amazed to find it completely healed, with no sign of the wound, *not even a scar*. When she rejoined the others, she showed them her hand and told them what she had done. The story was both printed and broadcast in 1958. An explanation there must be, for nothing happens except under the law of cause and effect. I leave it to the reader to find an answer.

Radiesthesia is a form of healing built upon the theory that each disease gives off its own radiations. The wavelengths of these are measured by the use of certain machines and a pendulum, and then corrective radiations applied; also deficiencies of tissue salts are estimated, and made good by homoeopathic remedies. Radiesthesia can work equally well, it seems, from a distance, and evidence has been obtained of diagnosis and cure where the only physical link has been a spot of the patient's blood sent on blotting-paper to the laboratory. A Harley

Street doctor uses radiesthesia and homoeopathy as his only forms of healing in his wide practice. Much experimental work is still being done in this branch of healing.

My last story in this chapter I find difficult to put into any particular category.

A woman and a healer travelled by bus together from the city to a suburb. They knew each other slightly. Noticing her tired face, the healer asked after her health. The woman said she never really felt well on account of severe pain in her spine, which often woke her in the night. It appeared that some twenty years before, she had had two bad falls, and after thorough investigation, the specialist decided that no radical treatment should be given, so she was provided with a steel support and discharged. The pain had grown worse of late. They talked a little about spiritual healing, with which the woman was in sympathy, and she said she would come along for treatment one day. Six weeks later, she called on the healer, but not to make an appointment. She had come to say 'Thank you!' for healing already received. She said: 'From the time we met in the bus, all the pain went within a week, except for a few twinges if I lifted heavy weights'. She had discarded her support, and now works freely at business, and in her home and garden. She added, 'I just can't believe it!' Neither, hardly, could the healer!

Contact healing, absent healing, self-healing; a three-fold cord, each strand of which, and each fibre of each strand, is of equal strength.

How full of mysteries is the whole process of administering this spiritual healing! Fortunately, a few healers have for some years been giving much time and thought to scientific research on the subject, photographing the 'healing rays' as they pass through the hands of the healer to the diseased part, and in many other ways probing and analysing the secrets of this great force, which in its origin is both natural and spiritual.

6 To all who would heal

This section is addressed to *everyone*. For everyone has the latent gift of healing, though all too few develop and exercise it. Not all are called to be whole-time healers, but often the use is unconscious, as when a mother snatches up her child when it falls, and clasps the strained arm with her hands, or 'kisses the place to make it well'. This natural, spontaneous use of healing is meant for all to use who have compassion for those in trouble.

Those who wish to learn how to develop their gift would find it helpful to read some of the books listed at the end, especially those by Harry Edwards, which are practical and all-embracing. But when all is said and done, each has to find his own best way of receiving and conveying this spiritual force. A sentence I read somewhere comes to mind: 'It is

almost impossible to tell one how to *do* something that consists in *letting* rather than doing'. Perhaps the most that we can do for each other—with effect—is to share our own experience and try to avoid interference.

'Each from each takes heart of grace
And spirit till his turn be done,
And light of face from each man's face
In whom the light of trust is one;
Since only souls that keep their place
By their own light, and watch things roll,
And stand, have light for any soul'.

I ask continually to be kept from my natural inclination to meddle in the affairs of others. No one has the right or the power to tell another what he should be or think or do. No one can know enough of another's history—childhood, birth and beyond—to discern how and where the springs of his present condition first arose. No one can see deep enough into another's heart to be able to understand all his motives and resulting actions. Judge *not*—not because to judge is evil, but because the judgement is bound to be imperfect. In civil law some sort of judgement has to be passed on law-breakers, but, God help us! what mistakes we make, in spite of the high character and efficiency of our judges! Often, now, when I start to tell people how

to run their lives, laughter dissolves the impulse, as a story comes to my mind, told by Dr. D. M. A. Leggett. A vicar, calling on parishioners in a slum area, came upon a woman who mentioned one of his church visitors. 'For heaven's sake, Vicar,' she said, 'stop her saving her soul on me!'

So, if you feel the urge to heal, all I would say here is—have a quiet mind and body, take time to attune to the highest thought or faith you know, ask that help may be given for the ill condition, do not be too eager, or anxious about results, and keep on giving the healing a chance to work. What happens afterwards is out of your hands.

I want to point out, in this chapter, one or two of the problems with which most healers have to deal, and also a few of the conditions that would seem to make healing more effective.

It has troubled some healers and patients that during the transforming process, an increase of the pain that already exists may be experienced. (I am not referring to the momentary pain which may be felt if, after a healer has loosened the stiff joints of arthritis, in testing the degree of mobility attained he bends the joint a little farther than healing has allowed. This rarely happens, and is slight.) The increase of pain of which I speak seems to happen most often when the curative process is greatly quickened. At Lourdes, for example, the ordinary processes of restoration are at work, as in all

healings, but in some cases, as Alexis Carrel pointed out, they are speeded up to the nth degree. Then, it is often reported that, when the disease is a serious one and far advanced, an unusual onslaught of pain and other distressing symptoms occur *just before or at* the time of transformation, a sort of healing crisis. The woman mentioned earlier, whose hernia disappeared immediately, under healing, said afterwards that when the healer's hands rested on her, 'something seemed to pierce me through and I came out in a sweat all over'. Many instantaneous healings take place, of course, with no such reactions, and it may be that they are purely personal. Anyway, they appear to be of no great consequence, apart from their brief discomfort, and leave no ill effects, as complete healing usually follows. There are other cases in which pain may increase after the first or second treatment, and this can be accepted as a sign that the battle is joined, and the trouble is yielding. A woman came to a healer with a dark lump, about the size of a walnut, above one ankle. The healer advised her to see her doctor, but she wished to try the healing for one week. She had the one treatment, and came back a week later. The healer took her foot in her hand, then apologized, saying, 'I'm sorry, this is the wrong foot!' Then the woman laughed. 'No, that's the right foot, but the lump has gone!' She then told how there had been an increase of pain after the first visit, and that—for the

first time—it had spread up to the knee, which alarmed her. On the third day the pain had subsided and the lump softened, and was smaller. By the fourth day it had gone.

As it is with doctors, one of the saddest experiences of healers comes when a patient dies. Many such patients regain a deep faith before they go, and are happy and at peace, which is a comfort to the healer. Yet the sense of loss remains. Sometimes a radical change of character takes place. I think of one patient whose first cancer attack had appeared twenty years before she met with spiritual healing. It was temporarily arrested by an operation, but in old age the disease spread and no further medical or surgical aid was possible. But in the two years she was receiving healing she changed from an embittered, censorious woman into a person of great sweetness and tolerance, and her final illness was short and her death was peaceful. The family were very struck by the change in her nature during the last year. The Sister of the ward told me that they had not had to use the strongest pain-killing drugs, much to their surprise.

Another cancer case—this time abdominal—was discharged from hospital as incurable. There was no tumour, but the seeds of cancer were widespread. After some healing, she improved sufficiently to take up normal life again, looking after her family, and doing housework and gardening. For six

months she lived an active life, with no discomfort, then died suddenly.

A child eight years of age developed a tumour of the brain. An exploratory operation proved that it was malignant and that the position of the tumour made radical treatment impossible, but she had radium treatment which relieved some of the symptoms. She was given four months to live, at the outside. Absent healing was started. A year later, she was attending an ordinary school, and living a normal life. Then came a sudden relapse; she was operated on, and died the next day.

Many complete cures of cancer are on record, the veracity of which is amply vouched for by doctors and hospitals, although with this disease, as with others, spiritual healing is no more infallible than are medical or surgical treatments. The doctor in charge of the late Dorothy Kerin's State Registered Nursing Home and Healing Sanctuary, told on television of two cancer cures he had witnessed there. An American woman had come there as a last resort after receiving all possible medical treatment for cancer. After a year she was well enough to fly home to look after her family. The doctor added: 'She died several years later from an entirely different disease'. A six-month-old baby, dying of leukaemia, was brought to this healer. The doctor said: 'Michael is now six, and a more healthy, normal child it is not possible to meet'. A recent

issue of *The Family Doctor* described a cure of leukaemia by spiritual means. The doctor in charge of the case took his patient—a child—to a healing shrine.

Perhaps if there be any one quality needed more than another by a healer, apart from those which belong to the act of healing itself, it surely must be patience. At times, so much seems to be against the work of restoration. It is true that from spinning fiery worlds in outer space to the invisible atoms of a man's flesh; from the activity of the heavens to the orderly symmetry of a spider's web—everything demonstrates harmony, design, and purposeful energy for creation and re-creation. Yet stars burn out, the wind destroys the spider's web, the nestling falls from the beautifully constructed nest, and man suffers indignities and disorders and imposes them upon his fellows.

And what of disease? One person is laid low by a blinding headache; another has a cancer that cannot be cured medically or surgically; an old man lingers for years in weakness and pain.

In this hazardous age, when a signature scrawled on a form in a moment of panic may release power which can destroy cities, by what means can healers constantly best release that other kind of power, the 'power that makes for righteousness'?

There *are* certain conditions which help to make healing effective—would that we knew more of

them! Some inkling of them came to me one hot afternoon in Italy recently.

I waited in the piazza of a little hillside village for a bus to take me down to the coast again. Heaven only knew how long I might have to wait—perhaps only an hour or two, if lucky! Across the piazza, on a seat in the blazing sunshine, sat a very old man. He leaned forward, head between knees, hands hanging down. I felt concerned about him. Perhaps he was ill?

I crossed over to him. Unheeding my approach, not even raising his eyes, he still leaned forwards. And then I saw that he held his steel-rimmed spectacles in one hand, poising them just above a small piece of stick which lay at his feet on the baked earth. I stood beside him, and we both waited in breathless silence while the lizards ran over the hot stones.

Then, as we watched, under his improvised 'burning glass' one end of the stick began to glow. Only a slight tremor of his mouth betrayed his excitement. The glow deepened, and suddenly the stick burst into a little flame. He turned to me with a shy smile of triumph.

As the bus swung down the mountainside, nonchalantly negotiating the hairpin bends, I pondered on the work of a healer. Surely, the spiritual healing energies must be captured, held and transformed before they can be directed to the seat of a disease?

The healer, I thought, is like a piece of glass which turns to the sun to capture its energizing rays, and then focuses them upon the sick person, and waits until the body-mind-spirit entity once more becomes living flame. The recuperative powers take up their destined work again, and the body heals itself.

There can be barriers on the patient's side which prevent healing from being fully effective, as we have seen. But the barriers can be on the healer's side, also, and the 'burning glass' suggested a few of these:

1. It is necessary to keep the glass clean. Buddha once said: 'Anger is like spitting against the wind—it always comes back on you'. Doubts or fears in the healer's mind, self-indulgences, desire for self-glory or other advantages, over-busyness, too many intellectual theories—all such can befog the glass and keep back part of the light. In the same manner, the sparking-plugs of a car have to be kept clean if the ignition is to work properly.

2. The glass must be held at the right angle to catch the sun's rays. Useless to hold it up haphazardly and vaguely hope that something may happen. The alignment must be deliberate and true, and time given to achieve this, and with the attunement must be made the clear request.

3. The rays must be focused on to the person and on to the part of the person that requires help.

'Please bless all sick people' is an ineffectual kind of prayer, equivalent (as the Americans say) to throwing eye-wash out of a top-storey window. The aim must be intentional and clear. And keep yourself out of the way, or you may throw your own shadow instead of God's light!

4. Patience, patience! Many healings, well begun, have not come to full fruition because the healer, or patient—or both—have grown weary. Week after week, month after month go by, with only slight improvements; visits grow less, and finally cease. One can never have *too* much endurance. 'By patience, perseverance and a bottle of sweet oil, the snail at last reaches Jerusalem'.

If the cumulative power of healing is allowed full and timeless scope for its work, then in the second or third or maybe tenth year, the dead stick will burst into flame and God's will be accomplished. 'You know not the hour'.

Even when it seems that the disease is too far advanced for a cure to come about, healing treatment still should be continued. Much can be done for the relief of weakness, pain and mental distress. One elderly woman who had widespread cancer was only ill for five days, had no suffering, was given no drugs, and was conscious and happily occupied right to the last hour, then quietly fell asleep.

The 'burning glass' can transmit nothing but

good. The sun can radiate only light. It knows nothing of darkness, for darkness is a negation, a nothingness, the mere absence of light. Therefore, 'if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light'.

7 Signposts

Much has been said of physical cures accomplished by spiritual healing, of nervous systems replenished, of bruised emotions made whole again. Is there any other function which this healing should exercise? I believe there is. Three signposts point the way. It is for you and for many others to explore the regions they indicate, if you will.

First, we do well to heed the call given so many times by Harry Edwards to the work of prevention of disease. So much might be done through spiritual healing before a child is born, before a germ attaches itself to a throat and multiplies, before apparently innocent conditions develop into a stroke or cancer. This is also the call to medicine, and much fine work is already being done under difficult conditions. All too often, a patient will only ask help of a doctor or

healer when a disease has tightened its hold on the organism. To the familiar call 'to cure sometimes, to alleviate often, to comfort always', let us add, 'and to prevent'.

The second great aim I see for spiritual healing is that it should never cease to strive for a firmer alliance between healers, doctors and priests. They must open their hearts to each other, share their responsibilities, and encourage each other to the fullest possible extent, if disease is to be wiped out. Cures of spiritual healing must be investigated by all the means available, scientific and clinical. Here, Brazil has set an example. In twenty-five hospitals, treatments are given to the patients by healers and doctors jointly, who have lived and worked together in these hospitals since December 1926, when this system began, 'without', so their records state, 'the slightest discord'. If, as Dr. Arthur Guirdham believes, 'health is an expression of a harmony in which soul, mind and body are acting together', is it not reasonable to hold that healers, priests and physicians should co-operate to bring about this trinity of health?

Thirdly, the call comes to healer and patient alike to help cure a sick world. No lesser aim will satisfy God or man. The full purpose of spiritual healing is not only to relieve and to prevent suffering, but to draw man's attention to his spiritual nature, and through the healing he receives, lead him to his true

spiritual destiny. To this great end the healer denies himself much leisure and self-pleasing in order the better to fit himself for the task. He tries to let go of any unhealthy inhibitions he may have acquired in life's journey, he eats sensibly, sleeps well, takes a normal amount of fresh air, recreation and exercise, and lives joyously and naturally. His greatest happiness is to see the sick restored to health.

Behind all the various backgrounds, beliefs and methods described in these pages, there pulses one great creative Power, and in that Power we—and all men—can find true unity. God uses what he can, and renders the rest harmless. As we follow the way of Spirit in obedience, unity is brought to the world at large. The healthy, co-operating cells within a man who has been healed, now at peace with himself, become a pattern for the community without. For a man to be made whole means that he makes whole all that he touches. The spiritually-healed person is without fear or favour, he cares for all, works for all, and is free to find and carry out inspired acts for his community.

Surely, then, spiritual healing, rightly used and directed, could be the God-chosen means to unite warring mankind? From spiritualized, harmonized men can come a new civilization. Two things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, and obedience to Spirit unites all.

The world grows smaller each day as means of communication become swifter and easier, and the spirit of man must keep pace with the flashing wheels. Because of the enforced nearness of our fellows, and the pressure of their lives and spirits upon each other, the greatest need of our time is for true unity.

The picture comes back to my mind of that rocky shore in Wales where the healing spring gushes forth, and where week by week people come and are healed of their ills. The rocks are only revealed at low tide, and then, running out of the heart of the shore in a dozen or so places, spurts forth the life-blood of the land—clear, icy spring water. Somewhere, in the hills that fringe the shore, there lies the hidden source of these outlets of strength and healing. None resembles another; one slow trickle may merge with a salt sea-pool and be lost; another, in a ferment, bubbles up to form its own small, restless pool; another will run between the rocks as a swift stream. Multitudinous in action, but one in source and power. I think, now, of the world. The tide is running low, and the treacherous rocks are clearly revealed. But the healing springs are revealed, too, and they may yet help mankind to turn back to the one great, sustaining and uniting Spirit from which flows all that is good and true. The outcome rests in a large measure with ourselves.

There is a tree of life, we are told, on *either* bank of the river. For some people, full healing of the spirit may come only when the farther side is reached. But for many, complete healing of spirit, mind and body can be received now.

Suggested reading

- Beard, Rebecca, *Everyman's Search* (Arthur James).
Beard, Rebecca, *Everyman's Goal* (Arthur James).
Beard, Rebecca, *Everyman's Mission* (Arthur James).
Beard, Rebecca, *Everyman's Adventure* (Arthur James).
Carrel, Alexis, *Man the Unknown* (Hamish Hamilton).
Carrel, Alexis, *Journey to Lourdes* (Hamish Hamilton).
Carrol, Malachy Gerard, *Padre Pio* (Mercier Press, Cork).
Cranston, Ruth, *The Mystery of Lourdes* (Pan Books Ltd.).
Edwards, Harry, *The Power of Spiritual Healing* (Herbert Jenkins).
Edwards, Harry, *Spirit Healing* (Herbert Jenkins).
Edwards, Harry, *The Evidence for Spirit Healing* (Spiritualist Press).
Edwards, Harry, *The Science of Spirit Healing* (Rider and Co.).
Edwards, Harry, *Psychic Healing* (Spiritualist Press).
Edwards, Harry, *A Guide to Spirit Healing* (Spiritualist Press).
James, William, *The Varieties of Religious Experience* (Longmans).

- Kerin, Dorothy, *The Living Touch* (Hodder and Stoughton).
Large, The Rev. John Ellis, D.D., *The Ministry of Healing* (Arthur James).
Leon, Philip, *Body, Mind and Spirit* (S.C.M. Press).
Maillard, The Rev. John, *Healing in the Name of Jesus* (Hodder and Stoughton).
Miller, Paul, *Born to Heal*, The Story of Harry Edwards (The Healer Publishing Co.).
Ross, James Davidson, *Dorothy* (Hodder and Stoughton).
Salmon, Elsie, *He Heals Today* (Arthur James).
Salmon, Elsie, *Christ Still Healing* (Arthur James).
Sanford, Agnes, *The Healing Light* (Arthur James).
Turner, Gordon, *An Outline of Spiritual Healing* (Max Parrish).
Tyrell, G. N. M., *The Personality of Man* (Pelican).
Weatherhead, Leslie, M.A., PH.D., D.D., *Psychology, Religion and Healing* (Hodder and Stoughton).
Weatherhead, Leslie, *Wounded Spirits* (Hodder and Stoughton).
Woodard, Christopher, *A Doctor Heals by Faith* (Hodder and Stoughton).
Woodard, Christopher, *A Doctor's Faith is Challenged* (Hodder and Stoughton).
Woodard, Christopher, *A Doctor's Faith Holds Fast* (Hodder and Stoughton).
Woods, The Rev. Bertram, *The Healing Ministry* (Rider and Co.).





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